

The Passionate Damsel ; OR, THE True Miss of a MAN.

In which she sets forth a true Sence of her Sorrow.

O come away, young Men I pray,
and grant me my Request ;



Without your aid I am afraid
I never shall have rest.

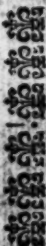
To the Tune of, *The Vertue of the Pudding.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



I Am a young Maid of Beauty bright,
that have a desire indeed to be Wed,
That I might take part of such pleasant delight
that e're young Woman enjoys in the Bed
With a Husband.

This does my heart with sorrow seize
to see young Dolly nay, Bridget and Joan,
how they have their Sweethearts to walk
where they please



while I in much sorrow make pitiful moan
For a Husband.

There's little pretty smirking John,
he formerly told me I should be his Bride
But he has forsook me, and taken young Nan,
therefore in much sorrow my patience is try'd
For a Husband.

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That he would do so. I ne'er did dream,
when I us'd to feast him with Apples & Ale,
And often with Cheese-Cakes, nay, Custards
(and Cream,

And yet he hath left me to weep and bewail
For a Husband.

Take pity of me some Man I pray,
for into despair I'm ready to fall,
If you have no Money the Parson to pay,
I'll pawn my best Petticoat, Smock and all
For a Husband.

Once Johnny he set me on his Knees,
and many sweet Kisses of him then I had,
And he with Embraces so cuddled me, (mad
that e'er since that time I have been almost
For a Husband.

Alas! I cannot sleep in my Bed,
but every night there I tumble and toss,
And many strange Rumours doth run in my
I freely declare that I am at a loss (head
For a Husband.

Now any young Man I would embrace,
that willing is then my disemper to cure,

I hope there is some that will pity my Case,
for no Body knows what I daily endure
For a Husband.

My Cheeks were once clear, white and red,
like the very Rose or the Lillies so fair;
But now you may see it is paler then Lead,
and I am almost at the point of Despair
For a Husband.

Since I have lost my true Love John,
I wish I could have either Robin or Dick
There's no one so much knows the miss of a Man,
as I that in sorrow hath sigh'd my self sick
For a Husband.

Alas! I see still day by day, (Child,
a many young Women that now are with
And I that am many years older than they
must still live a Maid which makes me grow
wild
For a Husband.

O that I might have my Delight
on me for a Living he then should rely,
To labour all day, and I'd plea'e him at night,
there's none in the World should be kinder
than I
To a Husband.